HIS AUNTIE JULIA.

She Is Really a Wonderful Woman In Her Own Way.

A GREAT HAND WITH YARBS.

She Can Brew Them Into a Medicine That Hits the Spot Every Time and Is Better Than a Doctor's Visit. How She Made Old Pulsifer Jump.

"My Aunt Julia is really a wonderful woman," exclaimed the low browed man, placing his feet on the manager's desk. "She hasn't any diplomas from medical colleges, but when it comes to curing a sick man she can give the ordinary doctor a start of ten years and beat him around a block. Aunt Julia has firm faith in yarbs"—

"You mean herbs," interrupted the professor.

"I don't mean anything of the kind. I mean yarbs. You go over to Aunt Julia and mention yarbs, and her eyes will brighten up and she'll ask you to sit down and eat a piece of pie, but if you began talking about herbs she'd paste you one with her trusty saucepan and knock off a corner of your scalp. Aunt Julia is pretty touchy about some things.

"One day old Mrs. Doolittle blew into the house to spend the afternoon, and Aunt Julia happened to say that something happened in Aprile. Mrs. Doolittle thinks she knows more than Webster's unadulterated dictionary because she taught school about 150 years ago, when she was a young woman, and she called my aunt down and said that there was no such word as Aprile.

"'You mean April, my dear,' says she.

"'I don't mean any such doggone thing,' says my aunt. 'I mean Aprile, and if you don't like it, Mrs. Doolittle, you can lump it, and be blamed to you.'

"Well, they fanned away for five minutes or so, and their language began to make the shingles fall off the roof, and I was thinking of sending in a hurry call for the cops, when Mrs. Doolittle left the house by way of the window and jumped three fences without touching them in her haste to get home. A lot of saucepans and other household utensils whizzed past her ears and seemed to stimulate her.

"That's the sort of woman Aunt Julia is. Now, if you want to go over and talk to her about herbs I won't interfere.

"If there's anything my aunt delights in it is doctoring people. She hasn't a bit of use for drug store medicines. She brews her own remedies, and she doesn't think anything will help a sick person unless it tastes like the royal palace of Abyssinia. A dose of her colic medicine will make a man's insides feel as though he had swallowed a porcupine.

"I had the colic last summer, and the medicine she made for me had smoke on it. I can taste it yet. Sometimes I dream that Aunt Julia is handing me a spoonful of her colic medicine, and then I always wake with a yell. She is an old fashioned woman. She gathers her yarbs at certain stages of the moon, and when she is brewing her medicines she mutters incantations and makes passes with her hands and does a lot of tricks that make your blood run cold. But her remedies hit the spot.

"Old man Pulsifer, you know, was a hopeless invalid for a year. He sat in a wheeled chair, and his wife fed him with the fire shovel, and all the members of the family were kept so busy waiting on him that they hadn't time to wind the clock or prime the pump. He said he had paralysis of the worst kind, and everybody believed him. Aunt Julia went over there one day and looked at the old man's tongue and poked him in the ribs and tapped him with a tuning fork and said she could cure him up so quick it would make his head swim.

"'If you can cure that man so he'll be of some use in the world,' said Mrs. Pusifer, 'I'll give you the silk crazy quilt my grandmother gave me when she was dying.'

"Aunt Julia gathered a lot of yarbs at the dark of the moon in the southeast corner of a graveyard and stewed them over a slow fire, and the broth she made from them would have warped the armor plate of a battleship. I knew by the smell of it that it was the real stingo, and you can't imagine how glad I was that I didn't have to take it. When she went over to dope old Pulsifer she insisted on my going along to help hold him down.

"The old man didn't want to take it. Anybody could see that. He got a smell of the stuff when Aunt Julia took the cork from the bottle, and a pale green sweat broke out on his brow. But I seized him by the top of his head and pulled his mouth open, and my aunt poured down about forty kilometers of her redhot dope, and when it had sizzled into his stomach he let out one warwhoop and streaked out of doors like a professional Marathon runner. When we found him a couple of hours later he was standing in the creek, which was full of ice water, trying to get his vitals cooled off.

"I defy any regular practitioner to make a quicker cure than that."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

Easily Said.

"Some of these tongue twisters are really very hard to enunciate—for instance, "the sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.'"

"That 'th eathily thaid," lithpingly thmiled Mith Elithabeth. "You thimply thay it tho: 'The thea theatheth and it thufficeth uth!'"—Life.

Farm and Garden

FARMS EAST AND WEST.

Comparative Cost of Lands In the Two Sections Discussed.

In a letter to the New York Times a correspondent wrote recently:

"If the Times really wants to know why it is that western land—in Iowa or Illinois—sells for $100 to $200 an acre while plenty of farms can be bought in New York for $10 to $20 an acre, let it pay attention. The secret is about to be released. And let me say at the outset that with considerable familiarity with both west and east I'd much prefer to buy eastern to western lands.

"One point in favor of the western farm is that, whereas a western farm, properly handled, will raise crops which pay a good interest on the investment without fertilizer, a great many acres of land in the $10 and $20 belt are merely something to put productive soil on top of. The French method of carrying the land away when one moves wouldn't go bad in connection with several cheap New York farms.

"Another thing—one can take an eighty acre farm in the middle west and plow every foot of it, while there are very few cheap farms in this section which can be cut up into fields large enough to pay for using large machinery. The result is that the eastern farmer, if he is to make use of the cheap lands, must 'putter.' Now, the right sort of puttering is profitable—fruit, berry and truck raising will make moderately large fortunes for diligent and capable men—but most men don't like that sort of business. The middle westerner is a whole lot happier with a four horse gang plow and a harrow that wouldn't go between stumps in the east than he would be on a $10 an acre New York farm. And he doesn't strike as many stones in the course of a season as the New York farmer will in a day. The American farmer hasn't lost his sense of the "bigness" of the country yet, and until he does lose it he will prefer to work the large farm rather than the small one, even if he gets no more for his labor.

"Furthermore—and this is not to be ignored—around that high priced land in the west will be found a more intelligent, better educated body of men, taking them 'by and large,' than in a given number of eastern farmers, because the factories and the other city joys seem to lure a much larger proportion of the ambitious youth of the east. The city is so close to the farm that the transition is but a step. Of course there are many of the most intelligent farmers of the country here, but the farmer with a desire for intellectual associations—and some have it—will find less of this opportunity in the $10 and $20 localities than in the west. Intelligent farmers, like men in other professions, like intelligent companionship.

"I am firmly convinced that the best opportunities for agriculture lie within a few hundred miles of New York city, and my impression is that the best way to get the right sort of farmers to go to this land and stay there is to get a number of this kind of men interested in one locality, thus insuring immunity from death by intellectual starvation. It used to be imagined that a farmer couldn't starve in that way, but we know better now."

Two Forms of Tomato Trellis.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman wrote:

Please tell me what you consider the best method of supporting tomato plants in a private garden. The above

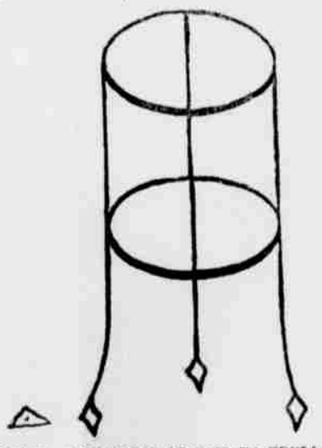


FIG. I.—ONE FORM OF TOMATO TRELLIS.

sketch (Fig. 1) shows a method which has proved very unsatisfactory with me.

The answer was as follows:

The best trellis for supporting tomatoes is the hinged trellis shown in the sketch (Fig. 2). This can be spread to accommodate the width of a row and

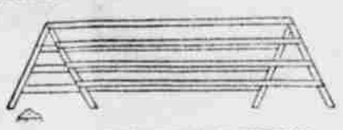


FIG. II.—BETTER TOMATO TRELLIS.

can be used to support the plants in one or two rows as desired. The best length is ten feet and height four feet. The trellis is quickly made of wooden strips which are nailed together as shown by sketch and hinged at the top so that it can be closed together and stored away when not in use.

A BROKEN DRIVING ROD.

The Disaster Most Dreaded by the Locomotive Engineer.

The close calls that whiten the engineer's hair are mostly due to some one else's error or oversight which he cannot foresee or prevent. That many of these close calls do not result fatally is due to the engineer's swift and skillful meeting of the emergency.

The great driving wheels on which most of the enormous weight on the locomotive rests are connected by massive jointed bars of forged steel. The ends of these are attached to the wheels about halfway between the axis and circumference. It is through these bars, called driving rods, that the wheels receive their impulse from the imprisoned steam. These rods weigh thousands of pounds each. Occasionally one of their fastenings will break, and then every revolution of the wheel to which the other end is attached will send the rod swinging like a titan's flail, beating down 300 strokes a minute. Nothing can withstand these awful blows. They tear up the track below and shatter the engine above, especially the cab where rides the engineer. No disaster comes so unexpectedly and is so much dreaded as this. Almost invariably it happens when the engine is running at high speed. When a driver breaks it is a miracle if the men in the cab escape with their lives. If they do survive and by their heroism succeed in stopping the train and avoiding a wreck despite the rain of blows from this huge flail of steel their act brings forth a greater measure of praise than almost any other form of bravery that the railroad knows.

Only the other day one of the driving rods of a fast passenger locomotive broke while the train was running more than sixty miles an hour down the steep grades of Pickerel mountain. In an instant the whirling bar of steel had smashed the cab and broken the controlling mechanism, so that it was impossible to bring the train to a stop by ordinary means. The great locomotive lunged forward like a runaway horse that had thrown its rider. In some way, however, Lutz, the engineer, had escaped injury. He crept to the opposite side of the cab and climbed out through the little window upon the boiler to try to reach some of the controlling apparatus from the outside. He was working himself astride along the scorching boiler when suddenly the engine struck a curve, which it took at terrific speed. The shock half threw the engineer from his perilous position, but he saved himself by grasping the bell rope. Then he worked himself down along the uninjured side of the swaying locomotive to where he could open one of the principal steam valves. A cloud of vapor rushed forth with a tremendous roar. Although robbed of its power, the locomotive did not slacken speed until it reached the bottom of the grade. Then little by little the thrashing of the great diving rod, which was pounding the upper part of the engine to pieces, grew slower, and finally it stopped. No one was killed or injured, and not a passenger in the long train knew until it was over of the danger that had been avoided so narrowly. — Thaddeus S. Dayton in Harper's Weekly.

A Rare Old Book.

The second book printed in the English language was "The Game and Playe of the Chess," which the title page says was "Fynyshid the last day of Marche, the yer of our lord god a thousand foure hondred and LXXIIJ." Only twelve copies of the work are now known to exist. In 1813 an Englishman of the name of Alchorne sold his copy for a sum equal to $270 in United States currency. Fifty-six years later, in 1869, the same volume (an imperfect copy) was sold for $2,150. The British museum has refused an offer of $10,000 for its copy, which is imperfect to the extent of having seven leaves missing.

The Making of Words.

Dean Swift protested against "speculations, operations, preliminaries, ambassadors, palisadoes, communication, circumvallation, battalions," as newfangled expressions brought into common use by the war of his day. Today nearly all these are the most orthodox English. In his time "mob" seems commonly to have been written "mobb," and "phizz" also had the doubled consonant. Hence his complaint that "we cram one syllable and cut off the rest, as the owl fattened her mice after she had bit off their legs to prevent them from running away."

Posted.

Pater—Can you give my daughter the comforts to which she has been accustomed? Suitor—Yes, sir. I've breakfasted at your house, and I'm certain that I can complain about the coffee, read the paper, demand the discharge of the cook and announce that I'll dine at the club.—New York Journal.

A Clean Cut.

Sykes—My eyes met hers, and, would you believe it, she cut me! Tykes—How very rude! Who is she? Sykes—Oh, a lady barber. She was shaving me, and this is the cut.—London Telegraph.

Consoling Her.

Bess—I sometimes wish I might see myself as others see me. Nell—Oh, you poor dear! Why, you just couldn't believe your eyes!—Browning's Magazine.

Cruel.

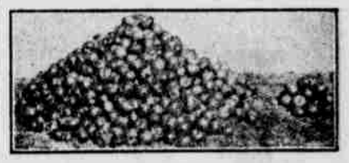
Maude—That girl is a lifelong friend of mine. Ethel—Dear me! And she doesn't look a day over forty.—Boston Transcript.

Farm and Garden

LIME-SULPHUR SPRAY.

Found by Government Expert Better For Apples Than Bordeaux Mixture.

In a government circular by William Scott, pathologist in charge of orchard spraying experiments and demonstrations and fruit disease investigations, it is declared that in recent years bordeaux mixture has come into ill favor among the apple growers on account of its injurious effect upon the fruit and foliage of certain varieties, and there is a growing demand for a reliable fungicide which can be used for the control of apple diseases without producing such injury. Bordeaux mix-

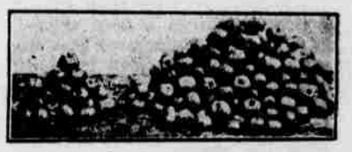


APPLES SPRAYED WITH COMMERCIAL LIME-SULPHUR—SCABBY FRUIT ON THE RIGHT.

ture is undoubtedly the best all around fungicide known, and it is unfortunate that the apple growers have to consider the possibility of giving it up, but the russeting of the fruit and the burning of the foliage caused by it are so objectionable that it seems highly desirable if not necessary to adopt a less injurious fungicide even at the risk of a partial sacrifice of efficiency in the control of diseases.

During the past three years Mr. Scott has been working on the problem of securing a satisfactory substitute for bordeaux mixture and not without some success. The self boiled lime-sulphur wash which was developed primarily for spraying peach trees has been found to be an excellent spray for the control of mild cases of apple diseases and to be entirely harmless to fruit and foliage. The concentrated lime-sulphur solutions, both commercial and home prepared, when diluted to contain about four pounds of sulphur to fifty gallons of water have proved to be about as effective in the control of apple scab and leaf spot as bordeaux mixture and to be much less injurious.

Experiments conducted by the bureau of plant industry during 1909 give further evidence of the value of the lime-sulphur sprays as fungicides for



UNSPRAYED APPLES—SCABBY FRUIT ON THE RIGHT.

summer use. These experiments cover a wide range of conditions, having been conducted in Virginia, Michigan and Arkansas. Eleven varieties were treated. Four different brands of the commercial lime-sulphur solution and a similar home prepared solution were tested at various strengths. The commercial brands registered from 31 to 33 degrees on the hydrometer scale.

Mistaken Beliefs About Manure.

It is argued by some farmers that hauling manure out on the field every month in the year is a mistake and that if spread out in midsummer the sun will scorch it to a cinder and burn out all the good. The Maryland experiment station some years ago determined to test this theory, with the result that its experiments have exploded two very common beliefs, the summer burning theory being one of them.

The other common belief which has been proved wrong is that it is better to plow manure under in the fall than to leave it exposed on the land's surface during the winter and then plow it under in the spring. In the first instance manure spread in July and allowed to stand until the following spring gave better results than that spread in October and still better results than that spread in the following spring just before plowing. In the second experiment better yields were secured after allowing the manure to lie on top of the land all winter and plowing it under in the spring than were obtained from plowing it under in the fall.

Multiplication of Weeds.

To give some idea of how weeds multiply it may be stated that a single plant of pepper grass will produce 18,000 seeds; dandelion, 12,000; shepherd's purse, 37,000; wheat thief, 7,000; common thistle, 65,000; camomile, 16,000; ragweed, 5,000; purslaine, 375,000; plantain, 47,000, and burdock, 43,000. The importance of not allowing a single weed to produce seed cannot be urged too frequently. A single hour's work in destroying weeds may save weeks of labor next season.

Poles For Climbing Plants.

Poles for climbing plants should always be set before the plants are transplanted or the seeds put in the ground, because the thrusting of the pole in the ground is apt to destroy some of the roots.

Planting Asparagus.

It requires three or four years from the planting of asparagus seed to the time when the plant produces shoots suitable for eating, and for this reason two-year-old shoots are desirable.